

Captain Beefheart "Golden Birdies"

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Those little golden birdies, look at them

And the mystic Egypt tossle dangling down
Old sleeper-man shish, don't wake him
Up one hand broom star was an obi-man
Revered throughout the bone-knob land
His magic black purse slit creeped open
Let go flocks of them

Shish sookie singabus
Snored like a red merry-go-round horse
And an acid gold bar swirled up and down
Up and down, in back of the singabus
And the pantaloon duck, white goose neck, quacked
Webcore, webcore

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